

they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool; and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her, in an angry tone, "Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here? Run home this moment, and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And

she began fancying the sort of thing that might happen: "Miss Alice! Come and see the new walk! Get ready for your walk!" "Come and see the nurse! But I've got to watch the clock when Dinah comes back, and see that she gets out." Only I don't think," she thought, "they'd let Dinah stop in the house for long, sending people about like that!"

By this time she had found a little room with a table in the middle of it (as she had hoped) a fan and a pair of tiny white kid-gloves: she took up one of the gloves, and was about to put it on, when her eye fell upon a label that stood near the looking-glass. It was labeled this time with the words "W. RABBIT"; nevertheless she uncorked it and read: "I know *something* interesting will happen here," she said to herself, "whenever I look at this thing: so I'll just see what this is all about. I hope it'll make me grow large. I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing."

It did so indeed, and much more than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck.